

Poetry Series

Hemendra Singh Deopa
- poems -

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Hemendra Singh Deopa(23rd Nov.)

I am an Indian and I belong to Uttarakhand, a hilly state of India in the north of the country. I try to show my affection and gratitude towards life by my poems and hope to live a meaningful life.

A Beautiful Mind

Midst a weary night,
Under the moon light,
The weariness got me thoughtful,
Thinking about many lives.
Of wonderful men and women,
Their stories and their pride,
also got me thinking, about those who are just alive and have been dead inside
their head,
Many times in a single life.
Well it also got me peeking inside,
I pushed myself and shook me well just to ensure I am also alive.
It got me deeply pondering,
Why there is such misery for many, I was wondering.
I got the clue that lit my mind, and I realised,
in fact it's all about our mighty mind.
That opens the door,
Glides you through,
Makes us strong and
strengthens our core.
So the mind is the key,
God made it, as it has to be,
Similar overall yet unique for all.
To take care of the mind,
nourish it to flourish it,
do whatever you got to do, to roll on the positive side,
If you and I are able to do, I can assure,
You will sale through, small or giant any bloody tide.
If you concur with me,
Take care of you mind, drive it slowly, towards the positive side.
Because as I say,
living a worthy life is all about living with a beautiful mind.

Hemendra Singh Deopa

Moments

Moments ~

Walking up the stairs today
I walked down memory lane
Thinking about life
How it's slipping away.
Moments to the days
Living in the folly
That it's not gonna change,
Truth is, it will never be the same.
I felt the same old way
When I was but a canvas so blank,
Pouring colours of my dreams
that I grew up dreaming till today.
Yet I can't stop blaming
The world and it's ways.
Truce is, let me live my way
and you do in your way.
Till the time the clock ticks.
I shall too collect myself
to walk till the end.
In all the four stages,
To be the prisoners of our own,
We build our cages.
Let the bird fly, let the raindrops fall
Freeing the mind,
cleansing the soul.

Hemendra Singh Deopa

Saving Innocence

A flower that shined once wilts
With the passing time
From the time it was a seed,
The beauty remains so does the fragrance.
Save the innocence in your heart
As flowers do their beauty.
Kid, adult or a withered old man,
No matter which phase you passed.
Save the innocence within your heart,
Because the innocence within
will feed your mind to keep the sanity alive.
As a fawn reflects in his eyes,
From the prime of time
If valour and heroic did wonders
So did love and act of kindness.
As night goes and comes the morning
So does hatred can be ceased and love can blossom.
Keep the sanity alive,
and save the innocence within your heart.

Hemendra Singh Deopa

Lost In The Haze

Today tomorrow and days after days,
I don't want to get lost in the haze.
Oooo I want to see,
what I ever dreamed to be.
Oooo I know it is still just a dream,
But isn't it true that we all have some dreams.
If the world does not get along with me.
I would rather be all by myself.
Cause i think you can break my heart.
I would rather protect it right from the start.
I would save my love inside,
to keep going and to keep me alive.
Today tomorrow and days after days,
I don't want to get lost in the haze.

Hemendra Singh Deopa

Love To Me

Love is beautiful.
Beautiful as the happening of day and night.
Love is strong
Strong as the greatest mountains.
Love is the force
As of the nature itself.
Love is in the longings of everybody's heart.
Sometimes clear, sometimes hidden.
At times ceased within by greed.
Love is in every reason for the feeling of joy.
Love is a teacher,
That's love for the life and it's lessons.
Love to me is greatest,
for mankind, for the lord, for nation and for family.
Love is boundless as air.
Love is in forgiveness and fairness.
Love is the soul of entire life cycle.
Love is the gravity
that pulls a better life.
Love is the truth and
truth is most beautiful.

Hemendra Singh Deopa

Sometimes Life Is Calm

Sometimes life is calm
As calm as a summer day afternoon at home.
When there is no air flowing
and trees too breathing calmly,
Their leaves make no move,
And all creatures are hoping for the sun to cool down.
Life is still and so is mind.
So calm is life at times
That you see nothing and close your eyes.
When the days are long and longer the nights.
You Hope for the clouds to form
and rain so hard.
drench the earth and let air to flow.
Then those trees be swinging and singing the song.
The journey song and the journey called life.
So calm is life for something profound.
To get the insight and to believe in this life.
There will be storms, lightning thunder and much more not easy to describe.
Sometimes life is calm
As calm as the ocean at times.
Catch the moments and ignite the light.

Hemendra Singh Deopa

A Worthy Life

If there is to be a life,
worthy of being alive.
That is to be of reaching out to the core of your heart.
If there is to be a life,
worthy of being alive, is to be of knowing your dreams.

Without stopping at obstacles,
to keep the fire burning inside.
Like mountains to stand on their side,
Every season and every time.

If there is to be a life,
worthy of being alive.
That is to be of dreaming and working
and for the common hopes of growth
worthy of being reasonable for well being of nature and mankind.

If there is to be a life,
worthy of being alive.
That is to be of reaching out for your goals,
and sharing the joy of your life.

With a vision of such life,
If you spend your days, weeks and years,
Still toiling may be but never mind the odds of life.
Ultimately you will be going towards living your beautiful life.

If there is to be that beautiful life,
to be lived on your mind,
I wonder if you concur
but you will be living this life with pride.

Hemendra Singh Deopa

How To Be The Perfect Me!

Walking in the time machine,
towards future and to linger in the past.
I and people nearby
I know nothing as now
what made this up to sound like a lullaby.
But then my heart kinda numb feelings hardly coming out.
All the while and ever the question is same,
how to be the perfect me.
What if I turn out to be anything but the perfect me.
Would you still love me for being just me.
Like a mess of a man.Grown up almost a half.
Own no house and no car,
but I got a feeling deep in my heart,
why is it that you always looking for the perfect me?
What makes up this world is not only love.
As I always imagined that it would be.
Look around this world torn in different worlds of mine and yours.
Opinions and different faiths.
So good to have but not by separating different races.
Does it really matter, as long as we struggle to find us in a good place.
Still everybody expect to be in perfect shape,
of the whole thing,
which ideally rather be of
body, mind and soul.
I know I also got to be part of this masquerade,
and I am walking too, walking in to that space.
Wondering how to be the perfect me, for you to please.
Turning to the future,
would I see that I be that perfect me,
I don't know, in your terms but I hope to be.
If that matters the most,
I will strive to present you the perfect me,
but all in terms of my heart.

Hemendra Singh Deopa

I Used To Be A Comedian

Once upon a time

I used to be a comedian

When I laughed from the bottom of my heart and I loved to make other's laugh.

I was pure like the light, used to love almost everybody.

I loved the air I loved the soil

I loved mountains and I loved to dream.

I used to dream, to be working to spread a lot of smiles.

Alas! I grew up to be something else.

To feel the pain and became used to pain.

Almost everything turned out to be a lie.

And those lies broke my heart.

All of it sealed in the depth of my broken heart.

Today let me open that door,

It was the society, it was lie, it was love, it was expectation, it was rigmarole, it was dead morals, it was lost hope, it was all of it that broke my heart.

Today I stand in a crowd and I feel lonely inside.

And I pretend to smile...

Irony! it is,

Once upon a time

I used to be a comedian

When I laughed from the bottom of my heart and I loved to make other's laugh.

I hope to find the light,

That burns the sulk inside.

I hope to find the light

That makes me bright as I used to be when I was a child.

To be that comedian to make everybody laugh.

Once upon a time I used to be a comedian and I loved to smile and to make everybody laugh.

As I want nothing but to live a meaningful life.

To find the truth and to be true to my soul.

Hemendra Singh Deopa

A Room With A View

In a room with a view
Near the window the man is laid
To view the whole spectrum of life.
I now realize perhaps what the man can explain better than me or you.
The view might be constraint to the rigmarole of sight.
But enlightened! the vision inside.
The man is laid in a room with a view
near the window.
Transparent as it is
Just like the fact of life and death.
And the man perhaps counting on his life as he is laid near the window
in a room with a view.
Collecting all his strength to be strong
for the remaining time to go on
with all the love and hope
to live to the best for the rest of his life.
As he must be treading through the storm all in his mind.
Far from that place but a thought
Leaves me to believe not to be scared but thoughtful about this spectrum of life.
On the way to make it better day
for today, tomorrow and the days to come.
The story of life...appreciate the time.
For, many counting their time
in similar rooms and some just under a roof.

Hemendra Singh Deopa

The Way Of Love

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Hemendra Singh Deopa

Peace Out

I hear a scream
Which I have heard before
Coming from under a roof
And silenced under many.
I wonder why one shall shout
To be heard by one standing near
Once who was so dear.
Once who did converse without a single word.
Irony of the world
That we let the beauty fade,
Over the time and let anger
rise over the head,
and somebody's smile is ceased,
and left to shed tears instead.
The cruel words begins to pollinate
such clumsy fear
That supposed to be flourished
by rather beautiful traits.
Let not grow loathing to rule over,
retreat to your imaginary boundaries and time travel to your moments of joy.
For, peace shall be healing
that wounded heart and
The world must be calling for another beautiful start.
Peace out as much as you should
Follow the heart as much as you could.
Deeper in the core
you and me and all
are bestowed with a soulful heart.
So let not grow loathing to rule over,
let love, peace and harmony to take over.

Hemendra Singh Deopa

Seniments

Sentiments that enlighten a human soul.
To know who and what to be cared.
Sometimes hugely to provide
The sense of being humane.
Sentiments also often happen to be the root cause of the pain,
For the tender heart.
When the world playing many games.
One who doesn't keep with the pace,
Often hurt and teardrops roll accompanied with the pain.
But the sentiments for the true shall clean and move an apathetic heart.
As trees and their leaves gets cleansed in the rain.
Sentiments must be protected from demolishing rationality of your brain.
Because by and large the world wouldn't care tenderness of your heart,
in the name of the game that is life.
Sentiments are the guide,
that will take you to the path of understanding and reasoning good and the bad.
Ignorance as it sounds is surely dark and dreary.
Therefore sentiments of sorrow shouldn't let you walk towards the dark.
As enlightenment is the state of mind for the wise and for the sane.
How every now and then we cry in the rain to hide the tears.
How in dark we swallow the guilt of hurting someone.
As long as your sentiment keep knocking at the closed door of your heart.
It makes sense, for that only reflect the good side of your heart.
Even if you can't hide your emotions.
Even if you can't hold the tears inside,
Should let them flow,
As this only shows how you will grow,
in the light of knowing the unknown,
in the light of not to be insane.
For, sentiments show how you possess a beautiful heart.

Hemendra Singh Deopa

Manjhi ~ The Mountain Man

Repressed by the social bias,
Living through the differences of so called superiors and inferiors by caste.
He lived to be nothing but humane,
In the darkness of the night of social apathy.
Lead by uppity leaders and gold diggers.
Exploited and harassed.
He found happiness in love of his wife.
Alas! his happiness didn't last.
For, he lost the love of his life,
to the mountain that she couldn't cross.
As she fell to death, once she came down.
Succumbed to death to her wounds and lack of treatment he couldn't afford.
as there were obstacles of poverty and that mountain.
The poor lost his love and his faith in life.
Only left with rage against the mountain of physical and social barriers once it
did guard.
He sold his goats to buy a hammer and chisel,
To bring him salvation he was determined to break the mountain to carve a path.
By hammering that mountain, to breaking it through.
And did so with love in his heart as he prayed the stones and broke them every
day, month and years for twenty two long long years of his quest.
He carved a niche and also carved that path.
That eventually lead to bring him solace and proved how love is much stronger in
any race.
Alas! he left the world one fine day too,
Hoping his struggle might bring prosperity to his land.
A road that will be mighty as his faith.
He walked miles and miles to make it so
and returned empty handed but found his grace.
May the world knows his story and understands his agony.
May we learn by his angst against the social indifference for the poor, for the
repressed.
And we shall be indebted to his legacy.

Hemendra Singh Deopa

Freedom

Freedom.....

Let me free oh Lord,

From the boundaries

And the devil in me.

Let me feel the wind

Let me stand there and see the world,

For a while.

Free from everything.

Make my soul free from the guilt,

That I have found,

living through the sins.

Let me free oh Lord!

Give me freedom to say what I think.

Give me freedom to shape what I dream.

Give me freedom to live the way I wish to live.

Let there not be a caged monster

On my way, in his own thoughts.

Let the world be free,

From the ghosts of the dead thoughts.

Oh Lord! Let the world be a free place.

Free from the boundaries,

Free from wars

Free from hatred

And free from greed.

And let the world breath in the fresh air and feel the freedom.

I wish freedom to all. When the majority is free and understand the true value of freedom, I think the world is going to be a much better place. So be free.

Hemendra Singh Deopa

Something Like Love

Oh my heart! pulsed and throbbed,
taken aback by your beautiful smile,
Spreading a life and happiness.
Out of the rainbow of life,
It's one of the color that makes me joyous, makes me happy.
Just a thought on my mind and here I am,
content even in my cage.
Fanning the fire of a dream, burning the night away.
Is this merely a dream or something called love.
Nevertheless, seems to me a fountain of life,
just the glimpse and spreads a smile.
Love that makes me dream
and teaches perhaps the ways of life.
To go towards a direction that leads to the truth of life.
Yeah all this, it just about your smile,
That casts a magic spell, without you knowing what happens to the rest.
Platonic, as it may sound but happens to be true.
Just a moment, words unspoken, meeting eyes of love.
Absolutely nothing but holds the secret of many lives.
Just of moment that enters
and you feel something like love.
I burn the whole night away,
And I go about my day, singing, humming and tapping my shoes.
Oh my heart! pulsed and throbbed,
taken aback by your beautiful smile,
Spreading a life and happiness.
Out of the rainbow of life,
It's one of the color that makes me joyous, makes me happy.

Hemendra Singh Deopa

A Dog Story

One winter night my family had a fight.
The bone of contention was a little dog.
As me and my sister wanted him to bring along.
Asked questions and more questions,
what if we had a dog!
he'd give us company and would a loyal friend.
If we had a dog we can also play along,
Since the last one departed way long.
To subdue our curious mind,
my reluctant dad gave us a nod,
Finally he brought us a little dog.
wrapped with a worn out cloth of mine,
sitting inside a little warm box.
Black in color and brightly lit brown eyes.
White fangs and his little cute paws.
He looked at us like no stranger and
licked my hand like his mother's.
He wasn't an elite breed but a local pup.
All of a sudden he was the star,
Everyone's execration vanished by far.
He was cared for like no one else
and treated fairly just like another child.
And he is still well part of the clan.
Now he is wiser and little old,
Quite fond of meat and bones in his pan.
He wiggles his tale for the known
and barks with ferine strain for miserable unknowns.
I love when he wakes me up drenched with due drops.
Licks my hand requesting to play.
He is well mannered and makes my day,
with his loyalty and his unconditional love.
So I think every parents should bring a little pup.
For, he will make it a great company,
with his acts and wits will make you laugh and happy.

Hemendra Singh Deopa

Why Should We Fight

Why there is noise

Noise when you talk.

Conversations are heated

So is the mind.

Is it the distance of the hearts

That makes you shout to be heard.

For, when it's about love,

words too not need to be spoken to say what you have to say.

You can't change the past

But can contemplate future for the best.

If your companion be wrath,

You can't control what comes next.

so got to calm down

and got to mellow down.

For, let peace be your companion.

Let love be your guide.

For the best of life.

Hemendra Singh Deopa

Gift Of Life

The gift from the Lord,
A lifetime
A fraction of the whole time.
And we live through the good and bad
we cry, we live and we laugh
For certain, we all dream a lot.
The sweetest dream is to,
live with the smiles on the face
And happiness in the heart.
Sometimes a few fall from grace
For that, our sins' must be traced.
You may hide the truth
But Dear Lord knows it all.
So to live in peace
We must do good deeds
Be easy on forgiveness
And shall clean the dust,
That's on our soul.
Be kind to all and try to spread a smile,
Be wary of the greed and pride.
To be nearer to The Lord,
follow the truth,
follow your heart.
We must live each moment.
For, this is a beautiful gift we have got.
A beautiful life.

Hemendra Singh Deopa

Irony Of Modern Society

I wonder how along with the time
The world has changed
For the good
But not in every sense.
The number of people growing
To a countless digits across the world.
The number grows
So does the advancement too.
No doubt we got luxurious life
Although, still a dream for the most.
We call it modern society.
And the modern society is crazy
I call it crazy society.
My belief grows stronger almost everyday
Isn't it funny in every sense
We are crazy about clothes to cellphones
And we are crazy about Cars to buildings
Rather than the essentials for mankind and nature.
In this outrage of dust and smoke
Produced by the cars, factories,
Air conditioners to the radiation
Coming out from the sneaky electronics products.
The humanity suffers
with loss of faith in life
and with the loss of health and wellness.
In the air there was supposed to be fresh breathable air
But germs and bacteria flying their own imaginary fighter planes now.
Forcing to hide our faces behind the mask
before we come out.
Some unfortunate dying before their time, and this is just one thing.
Ironically the love for a luxurious life
Surpasses the love for the nature
Mother earth suffers with the loss
But the modern society rejoice
with the temporary joy.
The love for merely a fur and furniture
Pulls us kill to kill a tree and an innocent animal.
The point I am trying to make is
To grow the similar Compassion

That we have for Cars and boats
To trees and the less traveled roads
To save the earth
To save ourselves and those we love.
To save the generations to come.
Rise above the ordinary.

Hemendra Singh Deopa

Affection

Cheerful as Unchained calf
As flying happy bee honey
As the wind that knows no directions
To be bound to flow.
My heart pounds
As you gaze into my eyes
To say the words unspoken
and leaves me in awe of
the wanderlust of a beautiful time
Or it just another blank...
For life offers many blanks
Along with many chapters filled with,
fondness, ferocity, affection, contempt,
dreams and aspirations.
I step out to begin
Journey of a lifetime.
A journey that comes with it's
twists and turns.
I forward my hand for your approbation.
I hope what comes after that
is not less than truth
and not less than love.

Hemendra Singh Deopa

Photographs

Moments gone now are things of past
How I wish I had them photographed
Coz when I am deep down lost in my thoughts
I wish to see them alive
Moments gone now are things of past.
Sometimes when the pace of life is slow
Sometimes in afterglow
I travel down memory lane
Not to hide but to know
To know myself to know my roots
To know now, where should I go.
How I wish I had them photographed
Every sweetness and every scar
A journal that speaks only the truth
Such is how I am resolved to live
An album of sweetness and love
I wish to make it perfect.
You may call me a scum
But when the right time will come
Will leave you a few good memories
Then you might just wish
You had them photographed.
And I live a dream
That we all can live too
A dream of perfect sight
The balance between the earth and the sky
No fallen faith and no fallen grace
No making the globe warmer and
Not even freezing colder.
A globe across the oceans.
That's another perfect photograph
That we must click into our hearts.
Moments gone now are things of past
How I wish I had them photographed
Coz when I am deep down lost in my thoughts
I wish to see them alive
Moments gone now are things of past.

Hemendra Singh Deopa

O Traveler!

Treading carelessly through the pebbly path,
Sometimes brightly under the sun,
sometimes walking in the dark,
Mostly searching for a light.

Not the sunlight that provides warmth,
but sunshine that shines upon the soul.
coming across throngs of travelers.

Travelers! O my co travelers!

is it that I am not like you or is it that you are not like me.

you walk on your way and I do so too.

we walk the path all along but never the same.

But we walk and we keep walking.

As we walk our ways at times we stop,

reflecting upon our journeys so far only to find how far is still we haven't tread?

Lonely at times, at times in pain, hurt, broken and yet ready to go.

Like in this lonely hour I sit calmly.

Suppressing the agony of being what I am not meant to be,

Suppressing the agony of living in a world that's not enough.

But I know I got to travel far, far away where I can see the light shining upon
me.

So the loneliness is not hurting not haunting either.

I tell my heart to be calm, I tell from the bottom of my heart the same to be
calm.

Be calm and find the best path you must travel.

I will be traveling mine and I won't stop till the end.

Till the end of my life,

And I will find the light.

Hemendra Singh Deopa

Sunshine

With blinking eyes when light flashed on as curtains slide.
I wake up still wondering about the sweetest dream I had.
To see my real one.
I wish to wake up to the sight of blooming flowers.
I wish to wake to see the mountains shining in the glimmering sunshine.
To feel the breeze on my cheeks to remind how beautiful and grateful my life has been.
To find a kitten still not willing to leave the quilt
While, the early riser pup asking me to follow him on another early morning walk.
I wish to wake up to find my beautiful family by my side.
Still, scolding may be, yet today I didn't follow for what, they asked.
I wish to wake up the same as the day begins.
Leaving the dark and following the light.
I wish to wake up to make a difference
Still, I just want to live as dearly as I can.
I hope to see almost everybody wakes up with a calm head and with a beautiful smile.
So there be none, who wakes up with another wrecking plan.
So there be none, who falls for the dark instead of the sun.
I wish to wake up to rejoice such beautiful morning.
No matter how I did, but, I wish to wake up to live up to such wonderful day,
Today, tomorrow and almost everyday.
God Bless the world! ! !

Hemendra Singh Deopa

I Wish It To Be True

I wish it to be true.

I wish the mankind was kind enough to each men and women.

I wish the earth does stay green and young as it was forever.

I wish the world was one and we were it's only citizen.

I wish greed wasn't the driving force but it to be the truth.

I wish love wasn't a game but was natural as it occurs.

I wish the differences were not so real, when the common goal is peace and happiness and no betrayal.

I wish we can choose the good against the bad and I wish we can see both sides of the good and the bad.

I wish we didn't have to live for only bread and butter but for the passion and for it's common lovers.

I wish there was balance between growth and the nature.

And I wish we cared as much as we love our nature.

I wish to be a traveler,

I wish to be a lover.

I wish to be wise, thoughtful and a doer,

I wish that and I wish my heart to not be insane ever.

I wish this journey that is life to find me the light.

The light that ignites the best of me.

The light of God that shines on me.

I wish to live and to see the rest living a beautiful life for the love, for peace and for wisdom.

I wish it to be true.

Hemendra Singh Deopa

A Beautiful Dream

Here I am...

Sitting quite and calm under the light
And some random thoughts
going on my mind.

What I want in my life

Oh you must be thinking

If greed driving me crazy

Or blues making my sight hazy.

But that's not what is my thought.

I am trying to collect my self

Oh yes! I was once broken in pieces.

And few of my dreams too, were shattered.

So I am weaving a new dream.

Dreaming of people

Closest to my heart

Who live by the countryside.

My dream is to see them smile

And walking with pride.

And I dream of happy faces,

At times of good and bad.

Walking shoulders to shoulders,

And no ego clashes.

Those friends and brothers.

I dream of those surroundings,

Of wise men and women

Who are above the grounds of,

Selfishness and righteousness.

Now I sound little lofty if I may,

No social evils, Everybody working towards Love and peace.

I am quite calmly dreaming of

Nature and it's boon

Which is with us to protect and bloom,

Until we decide, it to ruin.

Since I am a dreamer I often dream,

So do, you must dream.

Someday we all shall be chasing

our own beautiful dreams,

And This is my dream.

Hemendra Singh Deopa

Green Pasture

Across the green pasture, I hear,
that tinkling sound,
that I hear coming from far.
With the rhythmic sound, it starts
Buzzing on my mind
a folklore and a beautiful song.
While turning up pages through pages
I go through the history.
Stories of a few old noble souls
Ah difficult were those days
But not in entirety I suppose.
Perchance, there were no luxuries like today.
But I am sure those did find a way for their indulgence too.
But that certainly not at the cost of nature.
For, what I see today certainly breaks my heart.
More then that of an old lover
as the fable goes by
Who dig the mountain to get to his love.
Ironically, we are digging mountains too stupidly and noticeably as an act of
playing with nature.
Sometimes to find gold sometimes to make a way.
Although, I feel at peace
Listening to that imaginary tinkling sound
coming from across the green pasture I saw on my way.
I feel more at ease,
when I can imagine a better world and few more noble souls.
Not in the books but around.
Why can't we, at once
Live like the primitive way of lives.
To know another way of life too.
That I propose will turn to be a school of humanity and the alliance between the
men and nature.
For, luxuries will vanish one day
But your glory as human shall remain.
As I only can attempt to voice many of those folks,
who love every single tree, every river stream, Mountains, deserts as they are,
the oceans and the rain and the snow flakes in the best way they come and bring
the gift of life for us.
As I look across pasture and a sensation goes up my spine probably reminds how

beautiful it is yet,
how small part of the world that has remained.
Across the green pasture, I hear,
that tinkling sound,
that I hear coming from far.
With the rhythmic sound, it starts
Buzzing on my mind
a folklore and a beautiful song.

Hemendra Singh Deopa

Reflection To Life

The river stream that flows
dark green water
carry me along with you
to the dead end into the sea
I want to be washed ashore midst white sand
No one to cry for no one to live with
No one to give heartache
Nothing to pollute my mind
Heaven gate nearby
wisdom treasure uncovered
Silence in the heart and peace of mind.
Answer to the Question
Who am I

Hemendra Singh Deopa